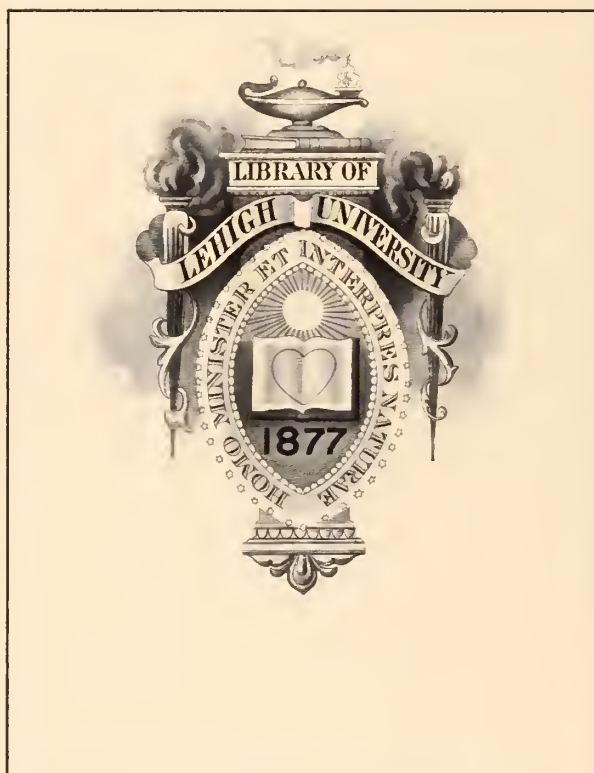
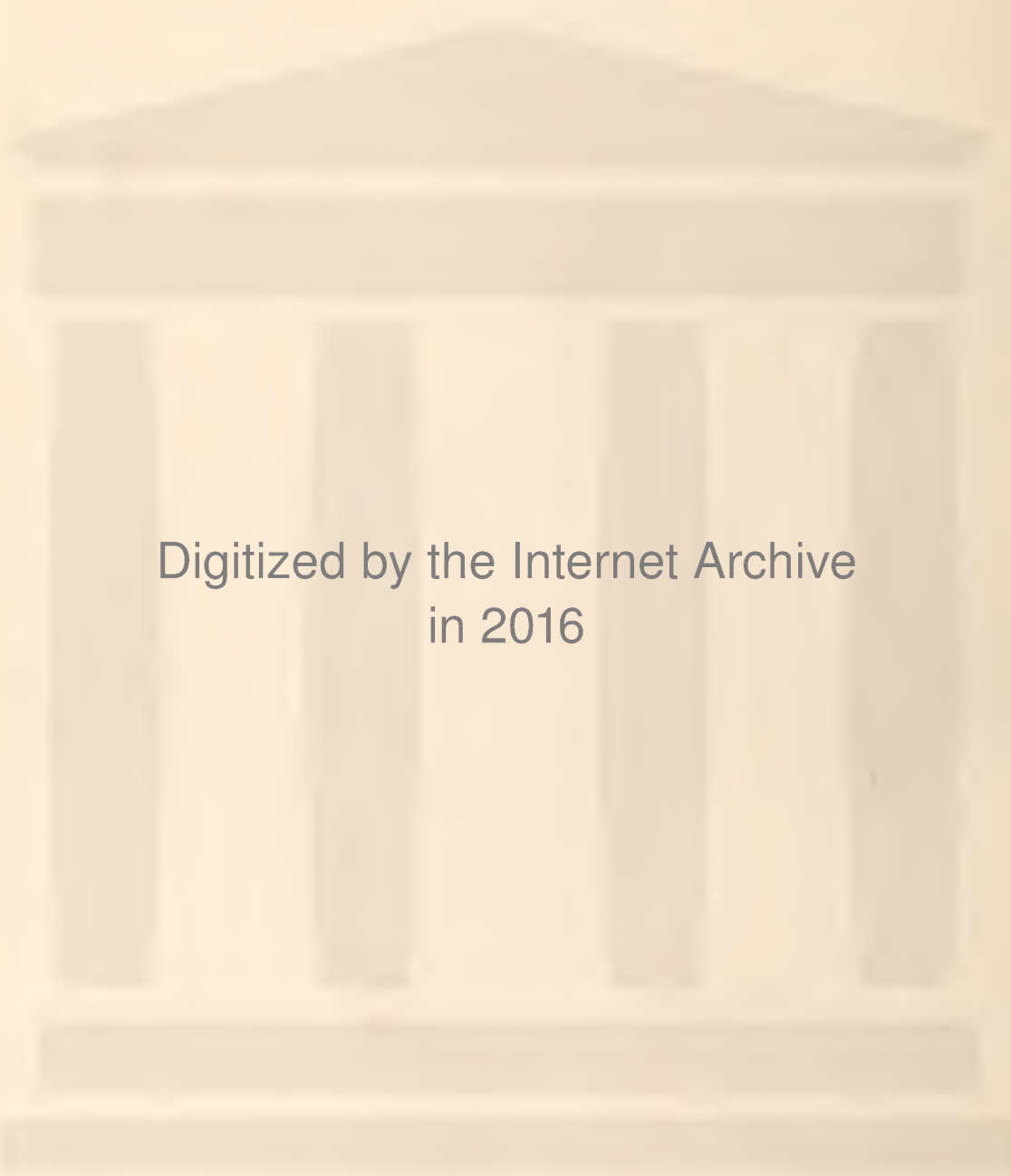






Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/lehighreview193610unse_2

THE

Lehigh

REVIEW

HOLIDAY ISSUE

15c



Luckies—a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"

THE LEHIGH REVIEW

Vol. X

Dec., 1936

No. 4

*A magazine devoted to the interests of Lehigh
Published by students of Lehigh University*

*Printed by the Lehigh Printing Corporation,
Bethlehem, Pa.*

Executive Staff

Editor-in-Chief..... Sidney J. Lewis
Associate Editor..... Charles McCoy
Assistant Editors..... William P. Gottlieb
Melvin S. Lord
Paul E. P. White
Art Editor..... Warren P. Fairbanks

Business Staff

Business Manager..... H. Stanley Ford
Advertising Manager..... George B. Rheinfrank
National Advertising Manager..... Howard Koller
Circulation Manager..... W. G. Shoemaker
Assistant Circulation Manager.. Robert J. Lightcap

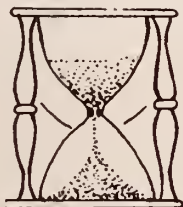
Editorial and Art Board

W. Fairbanks
W. G. Dukek
George Yanko
L. C. Stoumen
L. Schick
H. Archer
S. Guggenheim

Faculty Advisers..... Professor D. H. Gramley
Kenneth K. Kost

Table of Contents

	page
A CHANT FOR FRESHMEN by David Hughes	4
WINGS IN THE SKY by Bill Dukek	6
WHEN MEN WERE MEN by Bill Gottlieb	8
A TREE FOR THE HOUSE by P. E. P. White	9
PROM COMMITTEES—A DEBATE	
A CHARGE	10
by George Yanko	
A REPLY	11
by Charles McCoy	
KEEPING TIME by Charles McCoy	13
LIFE IN THE RAW Photographs by Robert A. Williamson.....	14
COMPOSE YOURSELF!	16
DISC DATA	2
Cover by Guggenheim	



This is one of the scenes that each of us dreams about:

You are in a moving picture palace with a girl, see. The movie is one of those unhappy things that gets two stars in Liberty. It contains a hero and a heroine who have all kinds of trouble getting engaged in ninety minutes. Maybe at the end of the picture, just before love triumphs and unattached males rush for the aisles, the hero's best friend or the heroine's mother dies, a sacrifice to fate. Your young lady sniffs and dabs her eyes with a midget handkerchief.

But this is a dream and you don't have to be a gentleman. You also blot tears from your lids, with exaggerated motions.

"Why, George," she says, "are you crying, too?"

"No," you say, "but I don't want you to look like a damn fool."

* * *

Hats off to the editors of the Hamilton College "Gaboon" who have the frankness to state at the bottom of their pages, "Please patronize the GABOON when mentioning our advertisers."

* * *

How brief is fame! Only about five Burr jokes are still being reprinted in college magazines as original gags.

* * *

A suave but determined senior, standing at the Astor bar during the Thanksgiving vacation, spilled his Scotch-and-soda. Coolly, but quickly, he produced a long, green cigarette-holder and proceeded to suck up the spilled liquor. There was no hesitation, embarrassment, or waste motion in his movements. There is, we think, no need to be discouraged at the resourcefulness of American youth, Lehigh-trained.



by Bill Gottlieb

DECCA has let loose a pack of European dynamite to challenge America's supremacy in modern tempos. First there's Bert Ambrose and his bunch of Englishmen who consistently manage to come through with the widest variety of music imaginable: "white" swing, straight dance, novelties, tangos, and particularly rhumbas. Especially note his pianist, drummer, and vocalists. Best of his latest offerings are *THE NIGHT RIDE*, *WOOD AND IVORY*, *HIDE AND SEEK* and the three backing numbers. The other foreign threat presents six of the most brilliant technical, though not particularly melodious sides ever waxed, *DJANGOLOGY*, *LILLY BELLE MAY JUNE*, and *AVALON*, to mention half. The band, once known as the String Quintet of the Hot Club of France, consists of the peculiar combination of three guitars, a violin and a bass. The hot fiddle of leader Stephane Grappelly outdoes the Master Joe Venuti himself. And the finger work of guitarist Django Reinhardt is positively phenomenal. Those of you who are musicians will hear it and won't believe it!

A pronounced student interest in the more serious type of music has prompted this column to include a regular review of a set or more of the "classics" each month. Victor's Red Seal album of Shubert's Symphony No. 8 in B Minor ("The Unfinished Symphony") as interpreted by Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra must certainly be the first to be mentioned. Koussevitsky, of course, does his usual excellent work that has placed him among the world's half dozen greatest conductors. Mechanically the tone, range, and truth in reproduction of this famous work is as good as has ever been done. The fullness and depth of the strings, among other things, makes one wish, more than ever, that Shubert had completed the last two movements rather than leave the first two lying locked in a drawer.

The Benny Goodman - Tommy Dorsey battle is continued with Victor's having them share a record once more. For the first time, Goodman has the better of the two numbers, *BUGLE*

CALL RAG, and possibly for that reason, he outshines the sweeter slip-horn-ing of Dorsey's *AFTER YOU'VE GONE*. This Krupa man sounds like three men on the Goodman traps, and the rest of the outfit aren't far behind. Both of these orchestras are deservedly popular and prolific. In the past few weeks, Dorsey has put out a wild platter-full of *A HIGH HAT*, *A PICCOLO AND A CANE*, the trombone-filled *FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS* and so on and on. Benny holds his own with, in part, *TAINT NO USE*, *TAKE ANOTHER GUESS*, and *DID YOU MEAN IT*. His regular vocalist, Helen Ward, has been off getting a divorce from someone or other. Filling her place was a terrific job, but Hercules Goodman did it by doing the shouting himself (a pleasant surprise) on *TAINT NO USE* and by using a girl newcomer on the other two who I'm certain is the up and coming sensation of the year, Ella Fitzgerald. She's the third Negro addition to his group, following pianist Wilson and vibraphonist Hampden of the Goodman quartette. Listen to Ella, too, on a nifty Decca by that bombastic skin-beater, Chick Webb; *DEVOTING MY TIME TO YOU*. The other side, *GO HARLEM*, hasn't Ella; but it has everything else.

Ole Rockin' Chair Mildred Bailey and her husband xylophonist and leader, Red Norvo, collaborated on some heart warming swing in Brunswick's *PETER PIPER* and *NOW THAT SUMMER IS GONE*. While on the subject of foremost female swing-singers, I couldn't possibly forget Billie Holiday with Teddy Wilson and *WHO LOVES YOU?* Gene Krupa, by the way, is at the drums in this one. A honey! Also Brunswick.

RAY NOBLE

LITTLE OLD LADY; *NOW AND THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE AIR*; *WHERE THE LAZY RIVER FLOWS* (Victor)—These bits, particularly the first, is as lovely a bit of sweet fancy as you could get. That is, if you want something lovely and fanciful. Perfect for those sentimental moods.

GLEN GRAY

SHADES OF HADES; *ROYAL*

Phone 3394-J

TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES . . . SALES and SERVICE

ALL MAKES SOLD, REPAIRED SERVICED
306 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, Pa.

THE MIESSE SHOP

Home-Made Candy and Gifts of
the Better Kind

568 MAIN STREET
Neri to Sun Inn

We mail and insure its delivery

Home Cooking

Home - Made Pies

AT

The Modern Diner

FOURTH and BROADWAY
(opposite Union Bank)

Suter's Dairy

Charles F. Suter, Prop.

1437 LORAIN STREET

Phone 2627

Pasteurized T.B. Tested
Milk

Grade A Raw Milk

Wholesale and Retail



A

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Jake Schmerin

"Friendly Service"

Earl H. Gier

JEWELER

College Seal and Fraternity
Jewelry

Next to Post Office

129 West Fourth Street

Bethlehem, Pa.

PHONE 1067

GARDEN BLUES (Decca) — Right up the Casa Loma alley. And that's *plenty* of alley. Why isn't there more of Glen?

JIMMY LUNCEFORD

HARLEM SHOUT; I CAN'T ESCAPE FROM YOU (Decca) — He's my favorite and I'm prejudiced. So why bore you with further details of his merits?

FATS WALLER

DINAH; LATCH ON (Victor) — Mercy! Mercy! What a piano. And what a sax behind him. But when is Fats going to ease up on the chatter. Roll him 'round in Sugah, babe.

SHEP FIELDS

NOW THAT SUMMER IS GONE; SWAMP FIRE (Bluebird) — Good gracious, not SWAMP FIRE, Shep. A good number and a bad orchestra. Mamma! That mans' here again. And he's got a moustache and a concertina and makes bubbling water!

HAL KEMP

ON A TYPICAL TROPICAL NIGHT; I WAS SAYING TO THE MOON. (Brunswick) — If you've heard Kemp once, you've just about heard him for all time. Still, he makes swell dancing. And how I like those Skinny Ennis vocals, even when he sighs like Carmen Lombardo.

MILLS BLUE RHYTHM

BALLOONACY; BARRELHOUSE and THE MOON IS GRINNING AT ME; SHOWBOAT SHUFFLE (Columbia) — Lucky Millinder directs this band of stellar musicians. I think they could do better; still, their boogie woogie stuff is plenty hep on these wild numbers.

Squire Perkins—Nell, after I die, I wish you would marry Deacon Brown.
Nell—Why so, Hiram?

Squire—Well, the deacon trimmed me on a horse trade once.

Columns

"You give me such crazy kisses."
"That's because my lips are cracked."

Punch Bowl

Dean (to Freshie)—Do you know who I am, young man?

It—No, I don't, but if you can remember your address, I'll take you home.

Exchange



EDWIN GUNN McNAIR, JR.
Bus. '37

Business manager of the Brown and White and the Freshman Handbook; President of Pi Delta Epsilon; Secretary of Mustard and Cheese; Omicron Delta Kappa.

"The moderate size of Lehigh coupled with its scholastic rating firmly convinced me that I should go to Lehigh."

The moderate size of Lehigh is one of its great advantages. Lehigh is small enough that the boys become acquainted and also keep the contact between faculty and student; large enough that there are many social and extra-curricular advantages and many educational opportunities

Arts and Science

General cultural courses; preparation for graduate work in dentistry, law, medicine or the ministry; professional preparation for teaching and journalism.

Business Administration

Preparation for positions in banking and investments, accounting, insurance, advertising, selling, general business.

Engineering

Chemical, Chemistry, Civil, Electrical, Engineering Physics, Industrial, Mechanical, Metallurgical, Mining, and Sanitary.

For information write or interview

Wray H. Congdon

Director of Admissions
LEHIGH UNIVERSITY
BETHLEHEM, PA.

A Chant For Freshmen

Fearless Freddie Bids Defiance

Simple, sober upperclassmen,
Hear me! I am Fred the Freshman
I am Fred the fearless fighter.
Stupid sophomores, hear my chal-
lenge.

You whose ears are long and hairy,
Listen to my song of vict'ry,
Vict'ry of an unfought battle,
Challenge that was never answered.
Long have I endured abuses,
All your silly rules and customs
I have kindly tolerated
With a minimum of effort.
*For a Frosh is wise and patient,
Thick of speech and slow to anger.
None the less this business bores me.*

*Why should I, whose thoughts are
noble,
And above your comprehension,
I repeat, why should I bother
To forsake my airy castle,
Come to earth and grumble greetings.*

*To some Goof whose very features
Are enough to nauseate me?
And another thing, this matter
Of the hands in trouser pockets;
Have you no consideration
For a Freshman's finer feelings!
Why! To make him walk in public
With his fingers dangling downwards
Like a bunch of ripe bananas
Quite destroys his social graces*

Art
by
Fairbanks

Poetry

by

David Hughes

And his manly, slouching carriage.
*Need I point to the injustice
Of a free soul regimented
By a foolish - looking skull cap
And a sombre, silken necktie?
Both of which are unesthetic
And in Nth degree repulsive!*

But enough recriminations;
This is not the time for talking;
We, the Freshmen, have decided
That the time has come for action,
Swift and drastic, potent action.
We shall tear aside old orders,
Long since dead, decayed and
useless,
And establish with one motion
An unique and ideal system.
*Freshmen shall obtain the freedom
That has been so long denied them.
They shall lie about the campus
In the warm and pleasant spring
time
And enjoy the smokes and sweet-
meats
Brought them by the stolid sopho-
mores,
Sophomores wearing yellow night-
caps,
Wearing long and tassled nightcaps,
Signifying sons of Morpheus.
And the lowly upper classmen,
Shall with one accord pay tribute
To our class, as is befitting
Of a weaker, smaller body.
Pax vobiscum. I have spoken!*



And He Learned about *FRESHNESS* from Her!



DOPEY'S delicious Delilah dished out fetching freshness with saucy sureness. Always start them off with *Double-Mellow* Old Golds. They will catch on so much quicker.

The two jackets of Cellophane is the first tip-off, and then with the first delightful puff of that mellow, sun-ripened, prize crop tobacco, the light of true freshness will dawn and he'll catch the spirit of things, Christmas included.

Yes indeedy. and you'll get a bigger kick out of that Kriss Kringle Kiss . . . *it will be factory-fresh.*

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.

Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

Copr., 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.



Illustrations by Fairbanks

WINGS IN THE SKY

The Christmas Season Descends Upon The Bensons

by Bill Dukek

It is Christmas Eve in the year 1940 at the home of a typical American family in one of those ordinary metropolitan suburbs. The father, Charles Benson, Class of '15, is one of those business men who regularly commute to the big city. As we see him now, nervously pacing up and down his living room, and occasionally peering out the curtained windows, he appears to be exactly what he represents — a middle-aged, grayish, executive, father of two charming children, and husband to the quiet, unassuming woman who sits by the fire knitting and anxiously watching him. From the radio the soft music of Christmas carols fills the room.

Elizabeth: What's the matter, Charles? You've been pacing up and down since supper.

Charles: Did you see this evening's paper? (He stops)

Elizabeth: (placidly) No, dear, I haven't had a

chance to look at it yet. What's wrong?

Charles: England is mobilizing . . . Germany is preparing to invade France . . . Japan is concentrating her fleet in Pacific waters . . . that's what's wrong. . . .

Elizabeth: But, dear, there's no use being worried about it . . . We've been having war-scares for the past five years. Besides, it's Christmas . . . holiday spirit.

Charles: Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men doesn't mean much any more. Frankly, dear, I'm worried. I don't like it at all. . . .

Elizabeth: Sit down, dear, and relax. Gene and Janet will be back soon . . . we don't want to spoil their holiday by war-talk and worrying. . . .

Charles: That's just it. If war comes soon, my boy will be in it . . . So will Janet . . . even women and children aren't safe anymore. I remember my own college days . . . the outbreak of the World War . . . we young folks were a cynical lot then. We knew our turn was coming . . . and it did. Soon after graduation, the draft caught us up, and we were in the midst of it . . . Elizabeth, I can't let my boy go through what I went

through. . . .

Elizabeth: Dear, please stop worrying. United States will keep out if anything happens, you may be sure. . . .

Charles: But darling, the thing's too big, we can't keep out . . . our bankers, our big business men, even the Government itself has its fortunes staked in the rest of the world. They'll send America to war to defend those interests with our lives. It's inevitable. Say, where are those two youngsters, anyway?

Elizabeth: They'll be back any minute now. Gene is driving down as soon as school is out. He was going to pick up Janet on the way.

Charles: That boy is going to break his neck some day — the way he drives. And Janet is just as bad.

Elizabeth: They're young, Charles. You remember how wild your father thought you were, dear?

Charles: (uncomfortably) Have you bought all our presents, dear?

Elizabeth: No, we'll have to go out shopping later after those two arrive. (The roar of a motor and the squeal of brakes is heard outside. She jumps up. . . .)

Charles: There they are now, the darn fools. (But he rushes to the window just the same.) Look at that careful of luggage!

(Elizabeth puts down her knitting, and runs to the door. Gene and Janet burst in, arms full with all paraphenalia, sweaters, boxes, skis, riding boots, books, and brightly colored clothes. He is another college student home for vacation — a clean-cut, good-looking athlete wearing hat, polo coat, bright scarf, plaid trousers and, of all things, white shoes! Janet resembles her brother, except that she is shorter and blondish. She is wearing the inevitable pancake hat pushed back on her curly head, bright coat, loud scarf, short wool skirt, bright socks, and efficient rough brogues. Amidst great whooping and gay greetings, they drop their bundles. Janet falls into mother's arms. Gene wrings his father's hand warmly.)

Gene: Dad, old sock, we're here. How are you? Mother, it's great to see you again. . . .

Janet: Mother, darling . . . Dad, I'm so glad to see you again. Tell me. . . .

Elizabeth: Children, children. Janet, your nose is cold. . . .

Charles: Howareya son, Janet, dear.

Gene: Merry Christmas, everybody. Gee it's great to get home.

Charles: How long did it take you, Gene?

Elizabeth: Here, drop your things. You two must be frozen. . . .

Janet: We had a glorious ride . . . I've got so much to tell you. . . .

(After a few more minutes of this, during which the two healthy looking young ones drop their things, Gene and Mother go out to get the things out of the car and carry them upstairs.)

Charles: Cigarette, dear?

Janet: No, thanks, Dad, I've stopped smoking . . . believe it or not! (She sprawls in the big chair by the fire.)

Charles: What's new, Janet?

Janet: Everything . . . Gee, I have so much to tell you . . . We finished the hockey season last week . . . Beat Smith three to nothing . . . Did I tell you I was elected captain for next year? . . . And I made the varsity basketball squad, Dad . . . We play our first game January 10 . . . you'll have to come up to see it . . . And Dad, I made an A in English . . . and an A in sociology. And wait 'till you hear the newest thing . . . we've started a Soviet society to study Communism you know . . . I was elected president. . . .

Charles: (gasping) Fine, fine, Janet, I'm proud of you . . . What's this . . . Communist Society? . . . Are you turning radical, Janet?

Janet: Oh no, nothing like that . . . The school feels that young people should know more about the Russian experiment . . . it's fascinating, darling . . . If war comes, you know, United States will go in with Russia. There's so much prejudice about Reds you know. We young people are trying to learn the truth, that's all. . . .

Charles: Well, I don't know, dear. Putting ideas like Communism in young people's heads isn't so good these days. . . .

Janet: Oh, Dad, wake up . . . You belong to the capitalist class . . . you can't understand the problem of the worker. . . .

Charles: Don't forget, you belong to the upper class, too, dear.

Janet: Upper class? Dad, there shouldn't be any such thing . . . That's the trouble with Americans . . . (Gene and Mother come in.)

Gene: What's she doing, Dad, trying to make a Red out of you, too? I heard this all the way down. . . .

Janet: Gene, you keep quiet. Just because you refuse to learn anything about it. . . .

Elizabeth: Children, don't quarrel . . . Janet, do you want to come and straighten up your room? . . .

Janet: Sure, I'll be right there . . . We'll finish this later, Dad. (She skips jauntily out with Mother.)

Gene: Do you have a spare cigarette, Dad?

Charles: Here you are, son. Aren't you in training

continued on page 18



THE CAMPUS

THE recent collapse of part of a Packer Hall ceiling (in a "Strength of Materials" class, no less) gets us wondering about the antiquity of our University. Contrary to common belief, Packer Hall, built in 1868, is not our oldest building. When Lehigh was begun in 1866, all of its two classes were held in a church that was bought from the Moravian Brethren and converted into what we now know as Christmas Hall. The former church was used for, in addition to classes, a dormitory, a dining room and kitchen, and the president's office. In the first year there were 40 students, 5 professors, an instructor and, according to the faculty list in the first register: Mr. George Washington Smith, janitor.

"The rise of interest in Physical Culture resulted," according to the 1909 *Epitome*, "in a well-appointed gymnasium building, erected at a cost of \$40,000." It is now called Coppee Hall.

When Men Were Men

Bits of Lehigh Lore You May Have Missed

by Bill Gottlieb

At that time, Price Hall was a brewery. Where the Administration building now stands was "a rocky locality known as 'The Old Man's Place.' A hermit made it his abode up to about 1885."

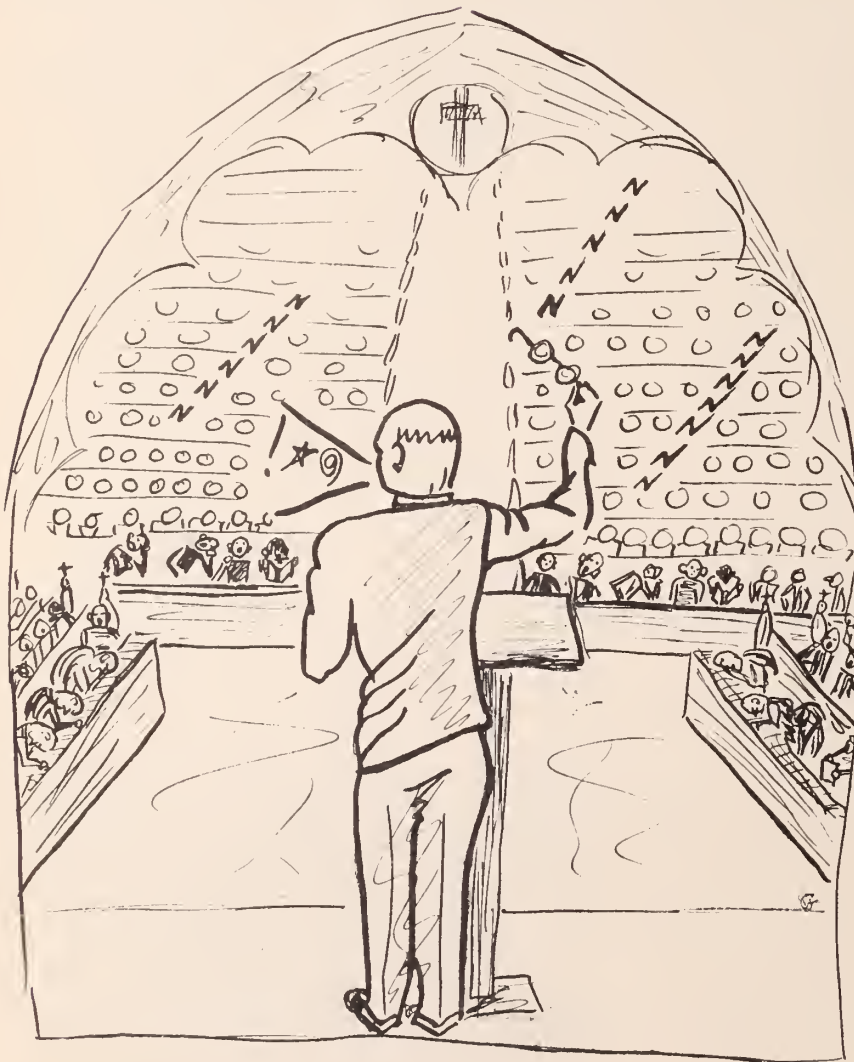
Saucon hall came some time later. "It was quite a palace," says an early *Burr*, "allowing for the standards of '81 — bathrooms on every floor, with hot and cold water, gas and heat in unlimited quantities — all for one dollar a week lodging." By this time, janitor

George Washington Smith had to get an assistant, Nathan Tucker.

When the early undergraduate membership began to grow and the buildings on the campus proved inadequate, the classes in Minerology, Geology, and Blow-Piping were moved to the second story of the Lehigh Valley telegraph office. Dozens of outsiders used to walk upstairs and watch the boys slave away at examinations.

Lehigh has thrice been in a particularly precarious condition. The money with which Asa Packer had endowed the University, over two millions, was all invested, at Packer's request, in Lehigh Valley Railroad stock which collapsed in the nineties. A bit of huck pulled us through. But earlier still, matters were much more difficult. In the late sixties, students and professors dropped off more quickly than they were acquired. So in 1871, Asa Packer saved the day by contributing \$500,000 and making the tuition FREE FOREVER. But by '82, the *Epitome* charged: "Why is it that the number of students attending the University is so small? . . . The only reason for a slim attendance which we have ever heard put forth is that students do not like the 'tuition in all departments free,' saying that it sounds so much like a charity school. Absurd as this is, it may be the true cause, and if so, would it not be well to have *some* fees, though they be small and merely nominal, in order that the obnoxious clause be removed?" It was in '91, damn it.

The editor of that *Epitome* found many other things that annoyed him. Take the "Typical Freshman" "Of course he smokes, drinks, wears his hat on the back of his head, stands on the top step and spits beyond the bottom one without taking his hands out of his pockets . . . He spends his spare hours in the janitor's room, gleaning points on all subjects relating to the College, which he immediately, with the air of having been born knowing them,



"Sleep on, sinners!"

continued on page 22

A Tree For The House

Freshman Moon Has A Christmas Ad- venture

by
P. E. P. White

FRESHMAN Moon gaped, then thought better of it and composed himself in a mild ogle.

"Don't ogle me," barked Robert Justin Brockway ('37). "It makes you look foolish. And don't leer," as the freshman's features contorted into what their owner mistakenly meant for an understanding smile. "Just stand there. And remember, you're gonna find one — and bring it back — or else. What I mean, kid! — or else!"

"Yeah, that's right!" seconded Henry Hobsmith ('39), from behind Brockway's shoulder. "Yea. Moon. You better bring a big one back — a big one!"

The visible portion of Freshman



Moon's neck bulged slightly. "But," he said, "but, please, Bob, I mean sir, I—I got a d-d-date!"

Robert Justin Brockway ('37) tipped back in his chair a further fourteen degrees, and snorted. Hobsmith ('39) who knew quite well the identity of the date concerned and was privately not a little annoyed, also snorted. "Ha!" he said.

Freshman Moon retired.

First, he went back to his room. For a moment he toyed with the idea of swallowing one whole bottle of hair tonic, straight. It might be the easiest way out. Except that — being Moon — it probably wouldn't kill him. It would probably only make him sick. And if he jumped off the hill-to-hill bridge, he mused bitterly, he would probably land in ten feet of soft water. You can't win when you're a freshman.

So with nearly complete resignation he dragged himself down the hall to the telephone, where with funeral cheerfulness he called up Betty and told her, in effect, that she was to be stood up. A matter of pressure of school work. A stiff quiz to be cracked. "I'm really very sorry," said Moon, who was really very sorry. "But you see how it is, don't you, Bet?"

Bet said "Well!" and hung up.

Freshman Moon smiled a tortured, acrid smile. If he had been twins, he would have wept on his neck out of

sheer sympathy.

Telephoning accomplished, he paused to consider his next step. It was all very well for Brockway and Hobsmith and that bunch to say "Go get one," but how did you set about it, when you had no money? Where did you start? And what if you were caught? After all, it was a serious matter.

One hand rubbed his ear, as an aid to thought.

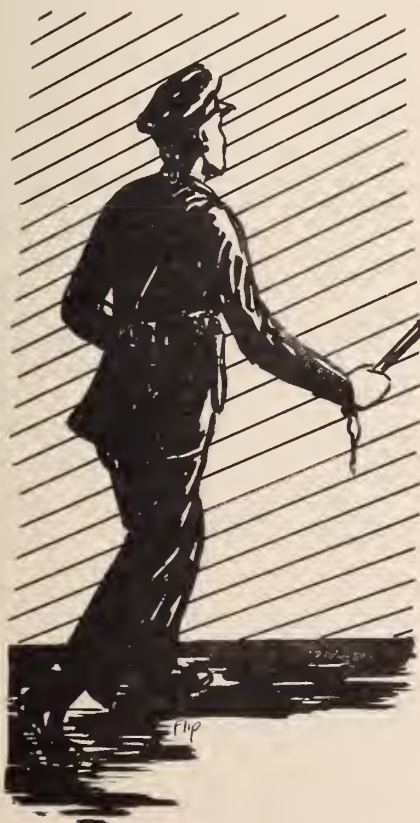
* * *

When Betty said "Well!" in a distinctly peeved manner she did not, of course, mean "well" at all. Quite the opposite. Betty was, forsooth, too well acquainted with Freshman Moon to swallow, unblinking, any story about pressure of schoolwork. No, thought Betty, Billy may have his virtues, but among them scholarship does not rate.

He had, however, broken the date. And it rankled. Betty did not like to have dates broken at half an hour's notice. Especially dates with Billy Moon. "There must be," she decided (not without cause) "a reason. And that reason is not Math. 3, nor yet C. E. 1, nor anything else connected with higher learning. But it really doesn't interest me. If Billy would rather go out with someone else — but then it doesn't matter to *me*. I'm sure I'm not in the *least* interested."

Accordingly she jumped into her tan coupe and headed straight for Fresh-

continued on page 20

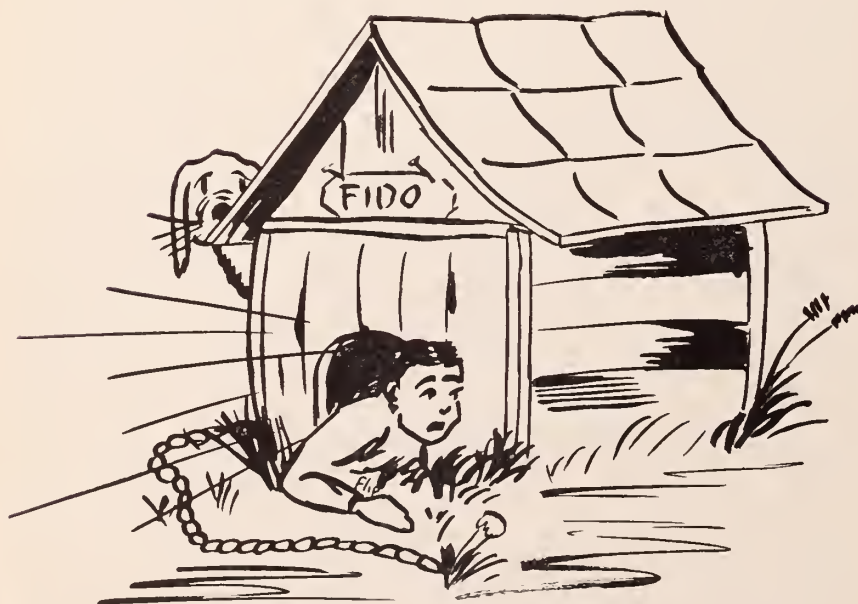


Through The Years....

Lehigh students have fought bitterly on the question of Prom Orchestras.

The Review presents herewith a summary of the current cases written by the parties who should know.

Our hope — That an open exposition of the argument may bring understanding of the problems involved in selecting a band for a dance.



"Move over; here comes the Prom Committee"

GEORGE YANKO,

*Editorial Manager of
the Brown and White,
Charges Inefficiency and
Suggests a Remedy.*

WHAT'S wrong with Lehigh dance committees — if anything?

The student activity that is most scrutinized is the workings of these committees, and rightly so. For they have the power and obligation to secure the best possible orchestras for Lehigh's outstanding social events, houseparties and the Interfraternity Ball. A good orchestra goes far towards making these events successful. A poor one may go just as far in the opposite direction.

And that is precisely why the undergraduate body, usually lax and indifferent in its own affairs, demands the peak of efficiency from dance committees.

No one has the right to expect perfection; no one can reasonably expect Lehigh to engage the top orchestras of America three times a year, year after year. But when dance committees in the last decade bring admittedly second rate bands to Bethlehem with depressing consistency, the student has a right to know why. And the fact that such shining stars as Ray Noble, Ozzie Nelson, and Tom Dorsey have been engaged for Lehigh dances only makes the student want to know why such fortunate choices cannot be made more often. In short, where does the dance committee slip up?

In 1931 the chairman of the Senior Ball admitted that something was radically wrong with the set up and endeavored to squelch criticism by inaugurating the new policy of conducting a student poll to determine which was the most popular orchestra. Today, five years later, the Interfraternity Ball committee has conducted a similar poll despite the fact that there

is as yet no indication that the leading choice is at present available to be signed up. Both polls accomplished what they set out to do, but neither attempted to ascertain the basic faults and then apply the remedy. Both treated the symptoms without diagnosing the disease.

The first pressing reform is the need for centralization of power. Early this year it was suggested, with the recommendation of Dr. Beardslee, adviser to committees for the past four years, that one committee be given the power to choose the orchestra and the date of the affair. The policy in the past and at present is for the Council or Arcadia to select the date, and then let the committee find a suitable orchestra to fill it. Consequently, it is possible for a popular orchestra to be open on some other date than the one chosen, and the committee powerless to sign it up. If they do attempt to secure the Dean's approval for the new date and then that of their superior council, experience has shown that the time involved for this procedure results in a loss of that orchestra which had previously been available.

The first evil, then, is lack of concentration of power to act in an emergency.

But how about that famous bugaboo of all dance committees — the six weeks myth?

Ever since the first agent through which all committees deal first stated that no top-notch orchestra could be signed up until about a month and a half before an affair, the illusion has gradually grown that no top-notch orchestra could ever be signed up until that time. The result has been that dance committees have been slow in organizing, so that it is not uncommon for the big event to be only three or four weeks away with no band yet procured. The conclusion of such lethargic activity has often been the procuring of two second-rate orchestras to replace one first-class band. The fact that the Senior Ball committee of this fall was allotted \$1500 by budget — a figure later raised to \$1750 — but only spent \$1300, is ample testimony to the premise that outstanding orchestras are not signed up for lack of money. They are not signed up for lack of ability to sign them.

Any lingering belief in this six weeks myth should have been destroyed by a Brown and White investigation conducted last month. The results of this investigation showed that one of the nation's outstanding swing orchestras, Fletcher Henderson, could have

continued on page 26

Charles McCoy, Secretary of Interfraternity Council, Brings Countercharges and Asks for Understanding

DANCE committees, as well as college newspapers are guilty of mistakes and misjudgments. However, let us not resort to the files to discover that, in the fall of '31, "The Pink and Blue" criticized Julius Jupiter for failure to arrange for the Senior Prom of '33. Maybe the next Prom Committee did take the warning and say regarding the Interdormitory Dance of 1934 (Fraternities may have left the University by then) "We think we can sign up Sneisman, Van Squeedan, and Menderson (or was it Mendelssohn) at this time." So what?

But why waste time? "The Sky-Blue-Pink" is waiting to go to — press. Let us be serious. Come, come — why not give Julius Jupiter's brother power to set the date of the prom. Perhaps Julius brother's loved one has a date with the ice-man on the original date. After all, why spend time to ask anyone? Remember the Senior Prom Committee of '36! The members were in bed for two weeks after days of bickering for a change of date.

But enough of this. Who was it that just said that Van Squeedan (let's call him Squeedy) was asking \$900? Would Squeedy sign November 12 for \$900 if there were the possibility of signing December 15 for \$1200? Squeedy doesn't ask \$900. His agents hold out for what they can get. How naive to fall for the worn-out ways of the agents. "I think I can sign Squeedy at this time." Note: Offer Squeedy more than he ever received before and he might sign. Remember, though, that orchestras are hired under permanent contract on short notice. Such facts are obvious to most people.

Someone has said, "The proof is in the pudding." May we suggest that the expression "Jack Horner's pie" is much more appropriate. Was it not he who,

proverbially, "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum and said 'What a good boy am I.'" The reference, however, may have been to plum pudding. Several people noticed the HARD SAUCE. Anyway, who wants Menderson? "He's just a big plum." We wonder, too how Jack Horner figured out that he was a good boy.

It has appeared in published form that "Band for Ball to be Chosen by Fraternities." Here again, the actions of a prom committee have been misstated. There are a great many factors which influenced final selection of a dance orchestra. Many of these factors are unknown to those who criticize. The Interfraternity Ball Committee is merely seeking something to help guide them in their selection. Whether or not the final choice will be a band selected by the students is a question. The committee will try to satisfy Lehigh fraternity men.

May it be said that every dance committee is hindered but little in the choice of a date. The Senior Prom Committee was at liberty to choose between two dates submitted by the council and the dean. Other dates were either excluded by the University Administration or by vote of student representatives in Interfraternity Council. It is often true that students prefer a date to an orchestra.

February 6 is the date of the Interfraternity Ball. This date was suggested by Dean McConn and voted upon by the council. It is ludicrous to suppose that the committee would not change this date should no suitable band be available. Need we be so technical as to require special provision by the council? The Senior Prom Committee acted for the majority in planning the recent Senior Prom. Expression from all fraternities was obtained almost immediately by telephone. It is a simple matter for a house to vote upon such a matter while seated at the lunch or dinner table. The committee need not then be responsible for an unpopular date.

Many times has a dance committee been called upon to defend published criticism of an orchestral choice. Who is to say whether a band is good, bad, first rate or second rate? To be sure, we may pick several as outstandingly good or notoriously poor. Beyond that we cannot go. Are we to accept ion of the "Brown and White" that Charles Barnet is a second rate band while Fletcher Henderson is a big plum (using the expression in the complimentary sense). It was indeed grati-

continued on page 27



WITH SENTIMENTS OF ESTEEM AND AFFECTION



Concerning a Packet of 19th Century Manuscript

By Louis C. Stoumen

THE sometimes svelte denizens of present-day Moravian College and Seminary for Women, compared to their sisters of the college's earlier days, are creatures of utter luxury, lassitude, and freedom. They are today allowed to hold dances on the campus (though they are invariably called by the dean at 12 midnight); they are permitted to go out with men unchaperoned; they are permitted to marry and remain in school; they are even free to lap up Pink Ladys, Sloe Gins, and beers at the Old Sun Inn during their lunch hour! Such goings on were heresy committed by "bad girls" back when the school was founded in 17??.

Nor was such the case even in 1872. It was recently my good fortune to discover among a dusty lot of old books and papers I had acquired a small packet of letters addressed to a "Dr. Wolle, Principal of Female Seminary, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania." All of them were dated 1872, and all were written to Doctor Wolle by fond parents who were sending, had sent, or wished to send their "dear children" to the Seminary.

The letters form an amusing commentary upon the manners and social naivete of late Victorianism in America, and I feel that some of them can well bear repetition. One of the sweet-

est is the following cryptic notation to Dr. Wolle:

Please let my daughter go with Mr. Jeter this evening out boating on the Lehigh River.

By so doing you will oblige.

E. C. Vincent.

The next letter is written in an affectedly feminine hand on a dainty piece of pink paper with a large embossed monogram R:

New York,

June 2, 1872.

Would it be encroaching too much on your very valuable time, dear Dr. Wolle, to ask you to do me a little favor? The season is advancing and the vacation will be here before we will know it, time seems to go so quickly; and I have been thinking so much of how anxious my dear child was to return to us; my friend's house is so very small that we cannot very well make the arrangements necessary for her comfort, so I thought that you might know of some private family, or wherever there were a few persons taken, at whose house I could procure a nice room and board for myself, for about two, to three weeks — somewhere in the vicinity of your home. If it is not asking too much of you Dr. Wolle, we would esteem it a very great favor, if you would, be so kind, at your

leisure to inform me upon the subject; I should so like to visit my dear child in this way, and then too, would you tell me at what figure a week, they will require: If you see my dear child, do embrace her for me... (Editor's note: Why Dr. Wolle!) I trust she is as well behaved, as it is possible for an only child to be; I trust this will meet your family in good health, & wish our best wishes,

believe me

very truly

Hanuella J. Asch.

The punctuation in Mrs. Asch's letter is accurate from her manuscript. Ditto the cloy.

A honey is the following one:

Brooklyn June 18th, 1872

Rev'd Francis Wolle

Dear Sir

I have just received a letter from Maggie requesting permission to accompany a friend to church next Sabbath. She does not say what church or who the friend is — this makes me feel that such a step does not meet with your cordial concurrence — I consequently write you on the subject and leave the whole matter to your better judgment. If you are perfectly willing, I am most certainly, but not otherwise — I take it for granted

continued on page 23

KEEPING TIME

Dr. Ford's Ascholiograph--A New Efficiency Device for Industry

By Charles McCoy

The effect of the word "psychology" upon college students is regrettable. The Lehigh undergraduate thinks immediately of that so-called "necessary evil," Psych. 1. Dislike built around such fundamentals as reaction time, rote learning, or the learning curve of an earthworm, exclude all possibility of a thorough knowledge and appreciation of the practical in Psychology. Prejudice, indeed, is so great, that the very presence of the term "psychology" stamps anything which may follow as facetious or theoretical.

In soliciting some degree of harmony and cooperation, let us assume that, for the average Lehigh graduate, the studies of social, child, and abnormal psychology are of little value. These eliminations having been made, should psychology be branded as a course worthy of being dropped from the University roster? Without hesitation, the answer is that Industrial Psychology is a study of enough practicability to justify and encourage the continuance of the Department of Psychology.

The terms Industrial Management or Industrial Personnel are perhaps more fully appreciated than Industrial Psychology. Every industry today recognizes some of the problems and obstacles in plant management. Here psychology may find its greatest application. The greatest problem in industry is that of the worker. Psychology in industry seeks to study the employee and his relation to production—emphasizing improved selection methods, physical conditions, health, incentives, and wage payment plans.

The last element mentioned — wage payment plans — is recognized by industry as one of its foremost problems. Of the greatest number of such plans in existence, corporations, both large and small, select one — or a modification of one — for their use. Few

progressive corporations today omit from their system of production and cost analysis, some application of a modern wage incentive and payment principle.

In contemporary vernacular, "Time Study" perhaps is the most significant phrase in speaking of any such plan of labor payment. Although often abused in its usage, we may employ this to designate those activities preceeding the establishment of any modern bonus, piece-rate, or incentive method of distributing wages. With such systems corporations invariably have effected savings of astonishing proportions. A nearby mill recorded a fourfold increase in production after the adoption of a system in their mills. To the Psychology Department of Lehigh goes much of the credit for the particular program devised for this plant. Thus, the principles of psychology as taught at Lehigh have found

a practical application in industry.

Developed by Dr. Ford, the ASCHOLIOGRAPH is one of the most recent additions to the problem of time studies. Any wage incentive payment plan, to be effective, presupposes accurate time studies of the jobs involved. As a correlary, it is evident that the more accurate the data of the time studies, the more effective the plan when completed. The ascholiograph (from Greek roots, "picture of an occupation") not only provides for more accurate studies, but also for permanent records—the advantage of which will be shown later.

Present methods of time studies require the use of a stop or continuous watch. It is obvious that with such instruments, short, overlapping operations are impossible to time. In order to break jobs down into their component parts, the jobs must be timed once for each element desired isolated. It was once the practice to time only complete assemblages of certain articles. In such a case component parts mean little. However, for long-run economies, it is advisable to make use of each component part available, for in most industries, the introduction of new and slightly different articles, or sizes of articles, makes the time study work laborious on each article, no matter how slight the variation. If costs are based upon time studies of component parts, however, one need only to add the standardized components of the tasks to arrive at a total labor cost. At most, the only needed time study would be of a totally new component.

Such information leads us to realize that permanent records are desirable in estimating labor costs on new articles of manufacture. For this, as well as more accurate timing, the



As yet nameless — this machine aids time study computations.

continued on page 25

ARE WRESTLERS HUMAN?

Of Course They Are. These Shots Prove That
Lehigh Grapplers Are Not Always Tied
Up In Their Work



"I hear we're getting Benny Goodman . . ."



"Look at the Birdie!"



"You've got the biggest"

Photographs of Life
In The Raw

by
Robert A. Williamson



"Don't look now, but your slip's showing."



"Knit one; purl two."



"Blue eyes . . ."



"This would make a swell shot for the Review."

COMPOSE YOURSELF!

Have You A Song In Your Heart?

Enter It In The Review-Lopez Contest and Earn A Bid for Fame

The LEHIGH REVIEW announces the inauguration of a song-writing contest for the students of the University, under the sponsorship of the popular pianist and orchestra leader, Vincent Lopez.

Mr. Lopez has arranged for a similar contest in several of the other eastern colleges; and one winner from each school will be selected. The prize songs will be orchestrated by the band maestro and will be played by him at his present location, the Hotel Astor, and on his regular radio program. He appears every Thursday, Saturday and Sunday nights over WABC and its allied network.

Further, Mr. Lopez guarantees that he will have the piece published, and will do his best to have other orchestras besides his own "plug" the piece.

Here is an excellent opportunity for any one who has ever expressed himself via original, "popular" music, or who has hopes to do so in the immediate future. This contest, while offering no pecuniary or similarly concrete prizes, will give whatever talent we have at the University the best chance possible for national recognition. "There is every reason to believe," assures Mr. Lopez, "that if the song should prove a hit—or even be reasonably successful—the writer would not only obtain satisfactory financial recompense but, due to the widespread publicity accorded the contest, would win recognition insuring his future in Tin Pan Alley."

The rules are few and simple. Songs submitted must contain at least one verse and chorus with accompanying lyrics. The songs must have universal appeal; be in the popular dance vein. Mr. Lopez, who himself has written such of the more recent numbers as "Knock, Knock" and the up and coming "What's Your Business?" will select the winning song. There *must* be one from each college. All manuscripts must be submitted direct to the Lehigh Review, Drown Hall, by January 5.

The noteworthy revival, last year, of the Mustard and Cheese club musicals has started Lehigh back to the position it once held with the eminently successful and famous Mask and Wig club of the University of Penn-

sylvania and the Triangle Club of Princeton. The annual musical comedy of each of those two groups has been responsible for dozens of our more recent national hit tunes. This contest may be an opportunity for Lehigh to make a big stride towards regaining its former prominence; for certainly we have worthwhile talent.

Albert Rights, adviser of the dramatic club, assures us that the songs for this coming Mustard and Cheese production are at least equal in merit to those of last year. Four numbers, he believes, will be ready in time



Hello Everybody, Lopez Speaking

to be entered in the REVIEW-LOPEZ competition.

There are many others in school, it is known, who have dashed off some ditties or who are capable of doing so. Here's the opportunity for getting recognition for those brain-children. Remember that it is not necessary for an entrant to have other than the simple framework of notes in the numbers submitted. Arrangements will be supplied by regular orchestrators.

We believe all the necessary rules have been mentioned. The incentives are obvious. Now let's see what our embryonic composers have to offer.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



ICE SKATING

HI, CHUBBINS — WHAT'S CHARLES LOOKING SO GLUM ABOUT?

OH, HE'S KINDA PEEVISH BECAUSE HE LOST HIS OLD PIPE AND HAD TO BUY A NEW ONE



A FINE BRIAR ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE MAKING MUCH HEADWAY BREAKING IT IN

CAN'T DO IT FAST! I HAVE A SENSITIVE TONGUE, JUDGE — AND A NEW PIPE ALWAYS STINGS AND BURNS



LISTEN SON, TAKE A TIP FROM AN OLD-TIMER. BREAK IN YOUR PIPE WITH PRINCE ALBERT AND AVOID TONGUE-BITING UNPLEASANTNESS.

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, JUDGE, I WILL



IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU SMILING AGAIN

GOSH, CHUBBINS, WHO WOULDN'T SMILE? THIS P.A. IS AS SMOOTH AND TASTY AS CAN BE. AND IT DOESN'T BITE MY TONGUE



WELL, DID CHARLES AND P.A. AGREE WITH EACH OTHER?

DID THEY? I'D CALL IT A CASE OF LOVE AT FIRST PUFF!



Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



PRINCE ALBERT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF —

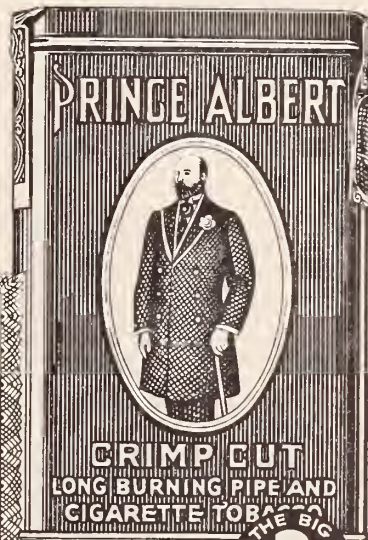
Prince Albert is as tasty and mellow as Nature and man, both working together, can make it. The tobaccos in P. A. are among the choicest grown—expertly cured, carefully matured. As the crowning touch, every leaf is processed

to take out "bite." Then, cut the scientific way—"crimp cut." It's bound to be mellow, tasty, slow-burning tobacco that suits steady pipe smokers to a T. Prince Albert is great tobacco for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

PRINCE ALBERT MUST PLEASE YOU

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

*and we'll try
to make your*

NEW YEAR HAPPY

*by keeping our prices as
low as possible*

The Supply Bureau

Open as usual until
6 p. m. up to and
throughout the Christ-
mas holidays.

Wings in the Sky

continued from page 7

Gene: Nope, football season was over Saturday. We took Army, 14-0 you know. Of course, wrestling season will start soon, and then I'll have to go in training again.

Charles: Son, I'm mighty proud of you . . . Captain of the varsity, and Tau Beta Pi, as well. I guess we're brothers now, eh?

Gene: You said it, Dad . . . That key means a lot to me. You didn't hear the latest though. I was elected major in the military unit. I'll get my commission in June, you know, when I graduate.

Charles: I don't know whether I like this idea of advanced military, Gene. Did you look at this evening's papers?

Gene: War imminent, you mean? Well, this means I'll go as a second lieutenant, Dad, instead of just a private. We argued this out two years ago, you remember?

Charles: Christmas, 1936. The world was a lot different then, Gene. I want to keep you out of it, if possible, my boy. I know what war is like. You don't. It's hell, Gene, it's hell. (Elizabeth enters wrapped in a heavy fur coat.)

Elizabeth: Charles, stop swearing. Get your coat on . . . We have some shopping to do. And don't forget a Christmas tree. . . .

Charles: All right, dear, Look here, Gene. Mother and I have to play Santa Claus. Is there anything you and Janet want. . . .

Gene: I think we've got everything, Dad. . . .

Elizabeth: Gene, Marjorie's been calling all day. She's been home since Tuesday. You better go over and see her . . . And tell Janet that Bert has

been looking for her . . . Try to get in early, will you?

(They leave.)

Gene: (Calling after them) All right, goodbye, Dad, Mother, Janet, where are you? (He goes to the telephone. A car is heard driving away . . . The radio is still playing Christmas hymns . . . The curtains close to indicate a passage of several hours. When they open, the bright wreaths with electric candles are burning in the windows, the fire is burning low . . . The room is in semi-darkness. The radio is silent. Gene and Janet are just coming in, their arms loaded with colorfully wrapped Christmas presents. A clock booms twelve.)

Gene: (Dropping his bundles) It's Christmas Day . . . Merry Christmas, sis. (He swoops her into his arms and kisses her.)

Janet: (struggling) Stop it, Gene, you big baby. Here, let's turn on the radio and listen to the chimes of Big Ben in London. (She takes off her coat, turns on the radio, switches on some light.)

Gene: Gosh, can't a fellow even kiss the swellest sister in the world?

Janet: Save them for Marjorie. (But she picks up a piece of mistletoe, tiptoes behind him as he discards his wraps, holds it over his head, whirls him around, and kisses him violently.) There, you darling, you.

Gene: And I'll tell you to save them for Bert. Thanks, sis. Gee, it's great to be home . . . Where shall we put all these presents?

Janet: Let's put them here under the tree. Gene, old man, we'll have to decorate this now. (The chimes of Big Ben fill the room.)

Gene: Gosh, that's beautiful isn't it? Let's just sit by the fire and smoke and talk, Janet. I haven't seen you for a



"Curtis sent me . . ."

heck of a long time. Wait, I'll stoke up this fire a bit . . . (He does, while she opens boxes of Christmas balls and strings of electric lights.)

Janet: How's Marjorie, Gene?

Gene: She's swell — lovelier than ever. Say, she and I are going skating tomorrow. You and Bert want to make a party out of it? . . .

Janet: That'd be great . . . We were wondering what to do. Here, you lazy so and so, give me a hand with these decorations . . . Listen. . . .

'The chimes pealing forth glad tidings of Christmas morn suddenly stop. A metallic voice breaks in, as Gene and Janet listen breathlessly.) Attention, all people of the world . . . Germany has declared war on Great Britain and France. Italy is invading from the South . . . This is a warning to all listeners. Be prepared for an invasion by air at any moment. It is well known that flights of bombers are preparing to attack at any moment. There is great danger . . . All people of Britain . . . get your gas masks and seek shelter underground. There is great danger . . . grave danger. . . .

Gene: My God! That's awful. . . .

Janet: I never thought it was as serious as that . . . And on Christmas Day, too . . . Thank God we're safe over here, anyway. . . .

Gene: I don't know about that. Listen, another announcement. . . .

Radio: All people on the Eastern Shore of America are warned . . . There is danger . . . A fleet of Italian aircraft carriers is speeding toward New York according to unconfirmed reports. Be prepared for attack. Flash! Russia is mobilizing to defend herself against Japan. The Soviet officials are in communication with Washington . . . United States assistance is necessary in this emergency . . . (The chimes begin once more, playing Silent Night) . . .

Gene: I wonder how serious it is . . . They always exaggerate these reports . . . Most of them are rumors. . . .

Janet: Sh! Do you hear something Gene?

Gene: No, only the chimes. What is it? (She switches off the radio . . . a low hum is heard, a deep-throated murmur.)

Janet: It's something outside. . . .

Gene: Sounds like airplanes. Come on, let's see. (They throw open the windows, the hum rises in intensity. Cold air fills the room. The sky is dark outside, but newfallen snow glistens.)

Janet: I don't see a thing. Gene, I'm

scared. (He holds her tightly in his arms.)

Gene: It's nothing . . . just a big dirigible, I guess. I can't see anything though . . . (Suddenly all the lights go out. A faint moon silhouettes them in the window, dark against the ghostly whiteness of snow.)

Janet: Gene, the lights have gone out . . . Why the whole city's in darkness. Listen to that terrible noise . . . Gene, what can it be?

Gene: (quietly) It's here at last, Janet. You've got to be brave . . . I think this is war . . . That noise must be the Italian bombers . . . (The hum grows to a loud deep roar which fills the sky. The whine of wings in the sky and the whirl of propellers grows and grows. Janet clinging tightly to Gene screams as a dull rumble of explosive thunder is heard.)

Janet: Gene, listen, they must be dropping bombs now . . . Oh, this is terrible . . . That noise. . . .

Gene: There they are . . . you can see the moon reflecting from the silver wings . . . They're bombers all right. . . .

Janet: Gene, what shall we do. I don't want to be killed. . . .

Gene: Janet, I'm scared . . . I don't want to die this way. . . .

Janet: Look Gene, planes! Squadrons and squadrons of them! . . .

(The roar grows to monstrous proportions. A terrifying explosion is heard nearby . . . The rumble of anti-aircraft guns, the flash of flares, the whistle of dropping bombs, that awful overpowering droning monotony of wings in the sky as the curtain closes. Suddenly one last dreadful explosion is heard as a shell makes a direct hit. . . There is sudden silence . . . dreadful, deathly silence.)

"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said the professor as he erased the board.

He—We'll build a little house (we don't even need doors or windows) away out in the country and love each other all our lives.

She—But, darling, if we don't have doors or windows, what shall we do for a little sun and air?

The Old Maid

Fritz Mercur

"Insurance"

Tom Bass



King Coal Co.

We Sell

The Best Coal Mined

PHONE 2000



Uniform



Bricker's
Air-Conditioned
Bread

**THE STAR BARBER
OF FOURTH STREET**
(Opposite Post Office)

Bethlehem National Bank

*Offers its banking facilities
to the students of Lehigh
University.*

Third and Adams

Arbogast and Bastian Co.

Meats and Provisions

U. S. GOVERNMENT INSPECTION

ALLENTOWN, PA.

A Tree for the House

continued from page 9

man Moon's fraternity house.

It was with mixed emotions, therefore, and against her higher self, that she slowed down and eventually came to a stop on the road beside the railroad freight yards. Something nearly as interesting as Billy had caught her eye, and she did not want to miss it. Betty saw, on the railroad tracks, what appeared to be a drunken trackwalker.

He moved clumsily, but in jerky spasms, like a toy auto. Totally unaware that he was observed, his lopped hat flopped in the icy night wind as he advanced, cautiously. He had an air of great stealth. Had he been an insurgent spy in the streets of Barcelona, he could not have made more effort to avoid attention, nor could he have been less successful. Betty watched fascinated as the weird figure, poised on tiptoe behind an empty coal car, took a sudden lurch forward and fell with a rattling of a dislodged stone and iron.

For some seconds he lay motionless, while great chunks of silence rolled over him. Betty wondered if he were ever going to get up, or if this was simply his way of retiring for the night. But the prostrate figure lifted itself a few inches off the railbed, and peered around; a sooty grey glimmer of light slid over its features. Betty saw for the first time the agonized face of Billy Moon.

"Billy!" she shrieked. "Bill-ee! What in heaven's name!"

Freshman Moon, (for it was he), regarded her from across four railway tracks, looking like a badly frightened pickerel. He almost turned to run.

Then recognition dawned. "Bet," he called in a hoarse stage whisper, "go 'way. Please go 'way, Bet."

"Well, I like that," said the occupant of the tan coupe. "First you break a date with me so you can 'study,' and here I find you trotting around as if you had nothing better to do with your time than climb over freight cars. And now you won't even let me watch you make a fool of yourself."

The dark-cloaked figure of Freshman Moon writhed. "Please! Oh, please go away! Explain later — hafta get Christmas tree —"

"A Christmas tree, hey? A Christmas tree that grows in a freight yard, that you break dates with me for, that you wrap yourself up in a blanket for and stalk in the night hours! Of all things, Mr. William Moon!"

"I hafta get it for the house,"

moaned the Slinking One. "Brockway said I hadda get one tonight — oops — look out!"

From farther up the freight yards came the hurried rattle of running footsteps on railway gravel. "You there!" growled a puffing gorilla. "Hey you!"

With a little sigh, Freshman Moon turned tail and raced off into the shadows. It was a simple matter to outdistance the guard, and Freshman Moon made a good job of it. Betty sat looking after him, the admiration glowing in her soft brown eyes. She glanced back up the yards, and made out the ragged black mass of the flat car, loaded with evergreens, that had been Billy's objective.

* * *

Freshman Moon swore softly to himself as he walked up Third Street. It has been easy enough to shake off the railroad dick, but it was the thought of missing success so narrowly that jarred him. "Another minute," he told himself. "Just another minute, and I'd had a tree. And then Bet had to make a noise."

He sank his chin deeper into his coat collar as a fishpole Ford cruised by.

About a block further on, at the corner of a little side-alley. Freshman Moon halted for reconnaissance. Lined up against a fence were a solid three dozen fat, healthy Christmas trees, glowing, so to speak, with the joy of life, and simply begging to be removed to the cheery front room in Freshman Moon's fraternity house. "Nobody could possibly sell all these by Christmas time," reasoned Billy. "I'll practically be doing the guy a good turn."

It was doubtful, however, whether the occupants of the fishpole Ford would appreciate that line of thought. Policemen are seldom reasonable. And so, being a sensible youth, Freshman Moon surveyed his territory carefully before making a further advance.

The alley was still and silent as a final in Calculus.

One more step, and a juicy seven foot spruce would be in his arms. Billy, heart pounding, exulted.

"Oh, Bill-ee!" called a familiar voice.

"Damn!" said Freshman Moon, rudely.

Down at the end of the alley he could see the outlines of Betty's auto, and popping out of it Betty herself, radiant and smiling. It was a vision that — at any other time — would have delighted Freshman Moon. But just now, his attention was wholly di-

verted by the bulk of the fishpole Ford that had stopped plumb alongside the tan coupe, and by the efficient-looking gentleman who was in the act of disembarking.

"Damn!" said Billy, again, and hopped the wooden fence.

He found himself in a rather unkempt back yard, at the rear of a three story brick building. It was a depressing spot. No garden or anything. Only a fire escape up the back wall of the place.

The alley was audibly full of policemen, hot on the trail, and close behind him was coming Betty. Freshman Moon's course lay clear. He ran for the fire escape, and up it towards the roof. There was a lighted window at the landing on the second floor; it yielded to pressure and Billy jumped in.

The man behind the desk in the big lighted room said, "Well, young man!"

The policeman, who (red-faced) followed Billy in through the window, said, "I guess I gotcha."

Betty, who followed the policeman, said, "Oh, Billy!" looked around the room, and broke out laughing.

Freshman Moon stared.

"Uncle Fred," said Betty, walking over to the great oak desk, controlling herself with an effort, "Uncle Fred, it's all right, really it is. I'm afraid I frightened him."

"Certainly is a peculiar thing when a man's own niece chases a young man and a police officer into a man's office," growled the person behind the desk. "I don't think your mother would like to hear about it, Betty."

"Oh, Uncle Fred, you don't understand!" wailed Betty, in between fits. "Billy didn't know this was police headquarters, or anything —"

"Oh!" said Billy, under his breath,

and resolved not to say a word more.

* * *

Freshman Moon was chivalrous with an effort.

"I guess I oughta thank you for getting me out of that," he said, when he was helping the young lady into her car. "I guess I'm much obliged."

Betty said nothing.

"But," said Freshman Moon, almost in despair, "But, Betty, if only — if only you hadn't come along and yelled at me —"

"Why, you silly boy," said Betty, who understood, "I was only trying to tell you that I had something for you. Look — surprise!" and she snapped on the lights. The little coupe was overflowing with a Christmas tree — bright green, feathery solid tree.

Freshman Moon gasped.

"I'm not entirely useless, I snatched it from the freight car, while the guard was chasing you."

"You — you snatched it?"

"The tree? Yes, foolish. From the freight car, for you. Now what do you say?"

"Oh, Bet!" said Freshman Moon.

●

Jimmy—Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man.

Elsie—Well, you needn't try to completely reform in one evening.

Log

●

By all indications most college humor magazines should buy only one stock—U. S. Steal.

Sundial



"Move over, Neil"

**Student
Laundry Bundles
Our Specialty**

Phone 10266

**THE
ALLEN
LAUNDRY**

WE CLEAN SUEDE JACKETS

Shoes \$2.50 and up



STORAGE

SALES and SERVICE

**Hauser
Chevrolet Co.**

324 West Fourth

Tel. 5500

FLOWERS

For Your House Dance
Decorations and Corsages
PRICED REASONABLY

D. M. Goldberg

Florist

17 W. Broad St. Phone 2054-J

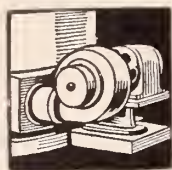
City Motors

Oldsmobile

SALES and SERVICE

250 E. Broad Street

Phone 4200



Wm. Bornstein, Inc.

1000 WEST BROAD STREET

Plumbing . . . Heating

We are now engaged in the
modernization of

**The United States Mint,
Philadelphia, Penna.**

"Scientific Plumbing and Heating"

When Men Were Men

continued from page 8

communicates to his benighted classmates at the top of his voice . . . Among other bright and manly things, he tries to chew tobacco in recitation but finds it rather inconvenient not to spit, and, after filling the chalk trough with tobacco juice, retires vanquished to the nearest place of seclusion to unburden the anguish of his soul."

The upper classmen were all right, too. Just before the turn of the century and soon after the Lehigh "Honor System" was abandoned (yes, we had one once), some of them took an instructor who it was claimed was responsible for the dismissal of nine boys for cheating, and they threw him in the Lehigh river. It might also be mentioned here, however, that the members of the graduating class had their less manly moments and annually appeared at exercises "resplendent in evening costumes with *litac* ties and kids."

PIOUS LEHIGH

All you sufferers who may be complaining about the compulsory three-times-a-week chapel attendance might feel better if you look back thirty or forty years. Then, every undergrad-

uate and instructor had to amble down to the church every week-day morning, and topped things off with an extra long service early Sunday. And for four years, too! There was nothing half-way about the University then. A full sized choir in full vestments backed the usual organ. Dr. Shields, our present director of music, was one of the pretty little choir boys until he was graduated to assistant organist.

Not that there weren't any objections to matters. "Dr. Drown (the fourth president), tired of hearing complaints, consented to make chapel *voluntary*. In two years he was plied with requests to return to the old system, which he did; and compulsory chapel was welcomed by the *Brown and White* in an article which declared there was 'little doubt that the assembling every morning of several hundred students will increase both college spirit and class spirit,' and which gave as the basis of the aforementioned pious opposition, 'the sweetness of fifteen minutes extra sleep'."

There were other theological difficulties common with the nineteenth century and the present. Reported Elwood Worcester, chaplain of the University from '90 to '96: "The time was usually spent by the students on

Anecdota Collegiana

Absent-minded Salesgirl (as date kisses her good-night)—Will that be all?

Mountain Goat

Whopperoo

A young business man and deacon in the church was going to New York on business and while there was to purchase a new sign, which was to be hung up in front of the church, advertising a new movement in the church. He copied the motto and dimensions of the sign, but went to New York and left the paper in his coat at home. When he discovered that he had left the paper at home, he wired his wife, "Send motto and dimensions." An hour later a message came over the wire and the young lady clerk, who had just come from lunch and knew nothing of the previous wire, fainted. When they looked at the message she had just taken, they read: "Unto us a son is

born, 6 feet long and 3 feet wide."

Yellow Crab

A New Yorker was touring through New England. He noticed a chin-bearded patriarch on a roadside rock, and out of curiosity stopped the car to talk.

"Fine corn," said the traveler, using a hillside filled with straggling stalks as a means of breaking the conversational ice.

"Best in Massachusetts," said the sitter.

"How do you plow that field?" asked the New Yorker. "It looks so very steep."

"Don't plow it. When the spring thaws come, the rocks rolling down the hill tear it up so that we can plant corn."

"And how do you plant it?"

"Don't plant it, really. Just stand in my back porch door and shoot the seed in with a shotgun."

"Is that the truth?" asked the New Yorker.

"Hell no!" said the sitter disgusted. "That's conversation."

Oil Weekly

PENN COAT and APRON SUPPLY CO.

Telephone 7319

522 N. 12th St. Allentown, Pa.

"Keep Well Dressed"

E. O'Reilly & Co.

W. H. PRICE OPTICIAN

70 W. Broad Street

PHONE 1916

•

Photographs

McCaa Studio

113 WEST FOURTH STREET

BETHLEHEM

*"Lehigh's choice
since 1900"*

•

studies. If, during my sermons, I saw too many men asleep at the same time, I would pause and cry out sorrowfully: 'Sleep on, men; sleep on, sinners. Sleep and die in your sins.' Frequently this had the effect of waking them up for a few minutes."

This same Mr. Worcester had a great number of pets that he kept on the campus, chief among which was a big rooster named Ginger. One day Ginger was stolen by one of the townspeople, and it was only after a lengthy search that the fowl was recovered. "The students, who had been deeply interested in this occurrence," relates the chaplain, "celebrated the recovery of old Ginger in their own way. On the following morning, just as I was about to begin chapel service, I heard some peculiar chuckling sounds. Looking down, I was amazed to see the cock strutting up and down in front of the lectern to which he was tethered by a string."

STUDENT OPINIONS

Again Mr. Worcester makes a worthy criticism about Lehigh and the many early proposals to make this a coeducational institution. "... When men are long separated from women ... as in colleges, they become coarsened and brutalized, and their interest in women, uncorrected by woman's sweeter spiritual traits, is apt to concentrate itself on woman as a sexual object. On the other hand, when women are long separated from men, they become vapid and foolish and many of them develop homosexual passions and proclivities ... In colleges for either sex located in small communities, it is generally apparent." Nevertheless, the '91 *Epitome* reveals: "By a close vote, with a difference of one man, coeducation is decided to be undesirable; but many had not thought the subject over."

That same *Epitome* writer, on another subject, puns on the opinion of the class to compulsory gym as follows: "Many oppose compulsion. For nearly all, the walk to and from the University grounds furnishes much exercise; some cite the exercise in chapel as sufficient for all needs; while one man always steals his exercise from someone else."

Advocates of "let's hold our proms in the library; it won't hurt the furniture, etc." might get discouraged when they see how long just such a question has been fought — futilely. So writes a student in 1880: "We are to have no more hops in the drawing room. The reason is supposed to be the fear of some injury to those new cushions. How very absurd ... We are to be

GIRLS CALLED HIM 'BLUEBEARD'!



—because every time he let out a blast of murderous tobacco from his never-cleaned pipe they couldn't help thinking of the famous gent who assassinated six wives. A pity, too—when women love pipe-smoking done in the right way. Which is? 1. Keep your pipe tidy. 2. Switch to the tobacco that burns cleaner and smells more fragrant. We modestly admit *that's* Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco—an uncommonly mild blend of Kentucky Burleys delightful to both smoker and audience. How such superlative tobacco can be only 15¢ is our worry. Try a tin. You'll bless us.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA



C. A. Dorney Furniture Co.

FURNITURE
FLOOR COVERINGS
DRAPERIES

Allentown, Pa.

Walbert & Burlingame

FADA and GRUNO
RADIOS

ALL MAKES SERVICED

Phone 914 or 5856

LAUBACH MEN'S FOOTWEAR

MODERN PRICED SHOES
\$2.50 and up

ALL FOOTWEAR
GUARANTEED

(See our large stock inside)

14 East Third Street

"The Store with the White Front"

Open Evenings

- LUMBER
- MILL WORK
- HARDWARE
- PAINT
- COAL

Brown-Borhek Co.

Third St. and Brodhead Ave.

PHONE 3700

denied not only the least expensive but also the only appropriate and good sized hop-room in the town, and because of some 'new desks.' It is to be hoped that after one or two generations of freshmen have hacked, defaced, and put their marks upon them, that those 'new desks' may not be looked at but actually moved and touched." That's something for us to work on, today.

Back in those times when Professor Hughes, the present head of the philosophy department, was soccer coach, the students were more interested in Bethlehem than they are now. Everyone, for example, knew that Uncas, the Indian hero in Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans" lies buried in the Nieske Hill cemetery cross town. Common knowledge was the former custom of the Moravians who supplied wives to their missionaries by having the women draw lots!

In those times, wrestling was practically unknown. "In 1884 Lehigh developed a tug-of-war team which out-pulled everything except Harvard in the intercollegiate games." There was also a Navy — an attempt at a crew — but it was soon given up when all contestants were "laid up because of the exertion."

Fraternities then, as now, were the center of social life. Delta Upsilon, it may be noted, used to go to great length at the time to specify that it was *not* a secret society. It was a carry-over from the anti-secret society movement (as in the Anti-Masonic political party) from pre-Civil War days. Undoubtedly the crowning social event of the era before 1900 was the visit, in 1876, of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. "The *Bethlehem Times* did justice to the genial monarch in generous, full columns."

Absent-minded Dean (knocking on the gates of St. Peter)—C'mon open up here or I'll throw the whole fraternity out!

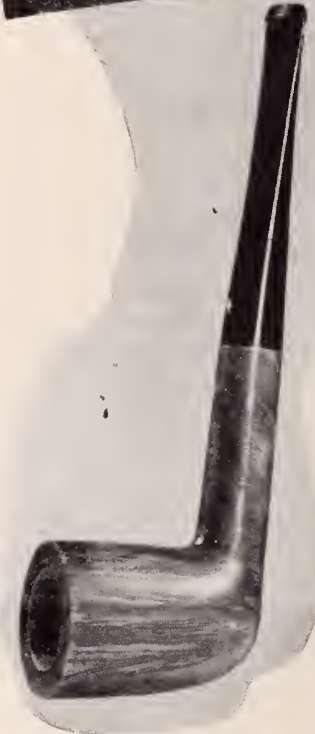
Chaparral.

Son—What is an optimist, pop?

Pop—An optimist is a guy who thinks his wife has quit smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around the house.

Rammer Jammer.

The
**LAST WORD
IN PIPES**



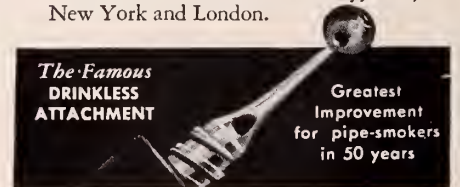
STRAIGHT GRAIN
Kaywoodie \$10

The King of Pipes — chosen from 11 million pieces of briar wood which passed through our factories last year! The greatest collection of pipe-briar ever assembled. And every piece has to be cut into a pipe, before you know whether you have a Straight-Grain. We found only one in 3,000, selected with unerring judgment, and expert knowledge that comes from years of living with briar and making the world's pipes.

Your Straight-Grain Kaywoodie will be the envy of everybody, a pipe that is really different from the rest, and can never be duplicated—the finest and most beautiful pipe ever produced. If you love pipes (and who doesn't?) by all means go and see these pipes at your dealer's. We'll furnish names of dealers near you who have them for your inspection. Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., New York and London.

The Famous
**DRINKLESS
ATTACHMENT**

Greatest
Improvement
for pipe-smokers
in 50 years



*Wishing You All
A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year*

Lehigh Printing Corporation

436 Wyandotte Street
Bethlehem, Pa.

Printers to Lehigh University

Flowers of Distinction *Where the Art of Corsagerie Is Known* Broad St. Floral Co.

45 W. Broad Street
Phone 4327-J

EXCLUSIVELY

Famous "Reading"
Anthracite

Phone 3825

Bethlehem Coal & Ice Co.

1438 NEWTON AVENUE

Keeping Time

continued from page 13
ascholiograph provides.

The ascholiograph, in Dr. Ford's own words, "is essentially a manually-operated tape-chart. Each of its five finger - tip keys when depressed, brings a stylus point against a moving strip of stylographic (wax-coated) paper and makes a dark line whose length is proportional to the time the key is depressed." Stated less technically, we might say that by depressing a key, a line is made upon the paper until that key is released. Thus, each of the five keys may represent a pre-determined component part of the occupation being timed. When completed, the study will be represented by a strip of wax-coated paper with lines of varying length — the components in graph form. These lines may and often do overlap. When no line appears there is "waste-time."

Mechanically, the instrument consists of a 300 ft. roll of one inch stylographic paper drawn by a 110 volt synchronous motor. Passing over rubber rollers and "threaded under the five stylus points," the paper is rewound in the take-up drum. By the lever shown in the illustration and diagram the speed of the roll may be set at either "slow" or "fast," the fast rate being ten times that of the slow rate. When running slow, the 300 ft. roll will last about eight hours. At the option of the operator the paper may have printed time divisions upon it to facilitate immediate reading of times for the various components. The instrument completed and modified will be about 6 inches in length and will weigh about two pounds.

When a study is completed, the time-study man designates the strip of paper of "process chart" by recording the date, operator's number, and the description of each component. Costs may be computed from this and the "process chart" filed.

Thus, the ascholiograph provides a means of timing short, overlapping operations. In addition, it permits more accurate timing by allowing the time-study man to keep his eyes continually on the worker. These advantages over the stop watch are made more significant when it is realized that the instrument, costing less than five good stop watches, will do the work of five men using stop watches and will produce better, more permanent records.

Dr. Ford, however, has gone even farther into the field of time study. The ascholiograph reduces the mechanical error to a near minimum. What, then, is the probable human errors in

continued on page 28

General Supply Co.

BUILDING and ROOFING
MATERIALS

*Johns - Manville Products and
Paint*

325 Water Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

PHONE 3740

Walbert and Burlingame

PLUMBING, HEATING and
REPAIRING

Phone 914 or 5856

SEE OUR DISPLAY OF

Xmas Greeting Cards

Special 12 Cards and Envelopes
29c pkg.

BOX ASSORTMENTS
15 to 27 Cards 29c to \$1.00

Xmas Wrapping Seals Cord and Ribbons

Study Lamps.....89c to \$3.95
Dictionaries 25c to \$5.00

Lehigh Stationery Co.

14 W. FOURTH STREET

Open Evenings from Dec. 13th

Phone 990

HOWARD R. LAUFER

Hardware, Glass, Stoves
Furnaces, Roofing, etc.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes
411 Wyandotte Street, Bethlehem

Season's Greetings

Tally-Ho Tavern

Merry Christmas

THE
ROYAL
RESTAURANT

OPEN ALL NIGHT

7 West Fourth Street

PHONE 333-J

A. S. RILAND

Main and Market Streets
Bethlehem, Penna.

All Westinghouse and G. E.

Hotpoint Appliances on
Display

ELECTRIC

Roasters	Irons
Toasters	Clocks
Percolators	Mixers
Waffle Irons	Egg Cookers
Student Lamps	

RADIO

R.C.A. Victor	Philco
Zenith	Westinghouse

Yanko Charges

continued from page 11

been signed up months before the Interfraternity Ball to be held in February. Another favorite, Leo Reisman, was also available, with the agent strongly intimating that Russ Morgan would also soon be available.

It is clear, therefore, that dance committees cannot start work too soon and should not wait until six weeks before the occasion.

What, now, of the personnel of the committees?

In the wide open days before Arcadia appointed a faculty supervisor, the prom chairman would emerge after the ball sporting a new roadster. That condition, fortunately, is entirely absent now, or at least relegated to a minor problem.

But the dance committee has always been a point of politics, and now that combines are once more legal, the undergraduate body may rest assured that in the future the chairman will be appointed not on a basis of ability but on a basis of political patronage. To eliminate this condition will be practically impossible, but at least an honest endeavor should be made to alleviate it.

The Interfraternity Council by tradition appoints its executive officers to the dance committee, the Senior Ball and Junior Prom are managed by committees chosen practically as blindly. The point is that such committees may well be composed of students with on expert knowledge of the various merits of the bands under consideration. A selection of an orchestra is very likely to be the consensus of opinion of the committee members and no more. With a student expert on the committee, however, the selection of an orchestra will be based on the opinions of jazz authorities throughout the country as compiled by this expert. In short, there will be more chance of an orchestra being selected on a basis of real merit rather than the personal liking of a few students. Such a student, it might be plausibly argued, would be difficult to find. Very likely so, but it would be strange indeed, if in a university of over 1600 collegiates, one could not be found who has made the study of modern jazz his hobby. Certainly the attempt could be made.

Let me repeat that it is unfair to expect perfection on the part of the committees. They cannot consistently hire top-notch bands. No one doubts their sincerity. But every one has a right to expect much better results than that which they have been witnessing in the past decade.

Hafner

Meat Company

Phone 1869

SPECIAL RATES TO
FRATERNITIES

Five Points
Fruit Market

Phone 3621

You may not be a KING
but you can still see

WALLY

Be a King to your girl and
give her a Royal gift. May we
suggest a box of Whitman's,
Appollo, or Shraft Chocolates?

We Specialize in Platter
Luncheons

Wally's
Fountain &
Luncheonette

1 W. Broad Street

And McCoy Replies

continued from page 11

flying to some to have the "Brown and White," in two paragraphs, defend its attitude as to the calibre of that plum, Henderson.

Similarly, is one person more fitted than another to choose a band? The opposition has suggested the placing of someone in authority in the Prom Committee. Who would be this authority? Most of us have our own opinion which is as valid as our neighbor's. Very few people would agree that Jack Horner, for instance, is an authority on bands.

It should be unnecessary to dwell upon the myth that bands may be signed three months in advance. Bands do not play for a set price. The amount they receive is what the agent can get and may vary several hundred dollars from week to week. Perhaps, should we offer any band an exorbitant price, that band could be signed immediately. However, funds are of major importance. The Interfraternity Ball Committee prefers an attempt to secure a popular band at a suitable price. The committee feels that if it maintains the high degree of efficiency shown by this year's Senior Prom Committee, it will have done a good job.

Definition: Bull sessions. Bull sessions are meetings just like classes, except usually in pajamas and with a professor.

Touchstone



Have you seen my Eco notes?

She—Never, never kiss me that way again!

He—Sorry. A mere slip of the tongue.

Banter

So Sorry! —

This one came from England, so of course you won't expect it to have any point, and that will be just as well, because it really doesn't have any. It happened at Oxford, where dignity is dignity and a student is an undergraduate, and one of these scholarly youths was out taking a little stroll along the canal which they sometimes use for boat racing. Deeply engrossed, no doubt, in the reflections of a true blue-blood Oxonian, this chap was not attracted so much by the sight of a top hat floating right side up in the middle of the canal, as by the fear that the water might ruin the brim, which to a man of his sensibilities was a matter of real concern.

So he grabbed a long stick-thing and sort of poked at the hat, and of course there was another chap underneath it, and he looked up rather surprised. The chap on the tow-path blushed, and said, "I say, I'm most frightfully sorry, I had no idea I was disturbing you."

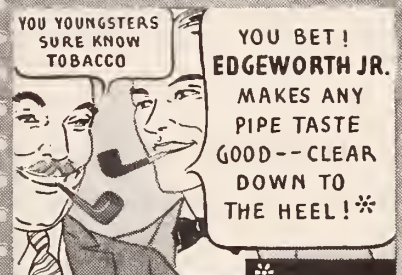
"Oh, it's perfectly all right, old man," said the chap in the water, quite cheery. "Matter of fact, I'm only taking a little spin on my bicycle."



Can you tell me where the English exam is, please?

SOPH GIVES DAD XMAS PIPE-PLUS!

THANKS FOR THE SWELL PIPE, SON



BECAUSE IT'S EXTRA MILD, FREE-BURNING



Vacuum-fresh tins.

TIMELY TIP: If dad's a steady pipe smoker, get him a special Xmas package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Plug Slice. If he smokes both a pipe and cigarettes, get him this laminated "Cellophane" Xmas package of Edgeworth Junior.

WHILE THEY LAST! \$1.00 POUCH FOR 10¢

... and one inside white paraffin wrapper from a tin of Edgeworth Jr.
IN YOUR COLLEGE COLORS

We offer this \$1.00 English Type Folding Pouch in Rep Cloth with Rubberized Liner for only 10¢ and one wrapper to persuade you to try Edgeworth Jr. Buy a tin today. Send the inside wrapper and your dime together with this coupon (or print your name, college and address on the wrapper)—and we will send pouch immediately. Only one to a customer.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.
Enclosed find 10¢ and one inside white paraffin wrapper from a tin of Edgeworth Jr. Send me \$1.00 value silk tobacco pouch. (Please print.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

COLLEGE _____

Offer good for only 30 days

For
Quality
Photographs
RYAN

80 W. Broad Street
Phone 39

Solve the
Christmas
Problem



WITH SOCKS

15c . . . 50c

Longnecker, Inc.

20 EAST THIRD STREET

NICK

WISHING THE STUDENTS
OF LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

A

*Merry Christmas
and*

Happy New Year

**Crystal
Restaurant**

22 W. Fourth Street

PHONE 9307

Sentiments of Esteem

continued from page 12

that it is an Evangelical Church.

I suppose your time is most occupied in preparing for your Closing Exercises and then comes a most desirable rest both of mind and body, and a great diminution of cares both for yourself and wife — please remember me affectionately to her and believe me

Truly Yours

M. H. Lanford.

Certain of the letters assume the ridiculous proportions of "boners." Witness the following:

Carew June 20, 72.

Rev Francis Wolle
DSir

I write to say that I don't expect my daughter Lydia will return to school after this term and should be pleased to have you give her a certificate before she leaves.

Very truly yours

B Stevens

or:

Rev Francis Wolle
Dear Sir:—

Will you please consult the Dr about Dora's corset of course I will pay an extra expense that may be incurred: for it seems to me dangerous to let the matter run on. Please see also, that her hand is properly attended to. Some of my friends tell me that a needle is a very dangerous article to get in one's flesh, and often troubles one through life.

What will be your charge for Dora's remaining through the vacation?

Yours Truly

Charles M Stebbins

Box 4010

New York City

also:

**CHARLES NOBLE & CO.
LIBERTY STOVE WORKS
PHILADELPHIA**

June 11, 1872

Mr F Wolle
Dear Sir

Enclosed please find a little pin money for my daughter Katie. Tomorrow I will send her a Box I hope she is well, we are all well at home — hoping you Enjoy the same blessing

Yours Respectful etc.

S. H. Nertz

Another one:

Peoria June 19, 1872.

Revd. Francis Wolle

Will you please get Edna A R. R. Ticket to Peoria (the same as the one before) at the Expiration of the Term as I think it will be better for her to

spend the vacation at home and then she will feel Refreshed and Anxious to begin her studies when the Term begins it will be A change if nothing more you will send her Bill and please inform me when she will leave so that I can meet her at Chicago.

Yours With

Respect

C. F. Howland.

N.B. please Send Bill and Answer by Return Male.

Keeping Time

continued from page 25

time study? If such probable errors of the time study man could be validated and standardized, the problem of time study would have been completely solved. This phase of the work is now in process of research in Lehigh's Psychological laboratory.

The illustration shows the instrument to be used in this research. Preliminary data gathered by Dr. Ford with a rough instrument has warranted the construction of the present one (not yet complete) which is being made as precise and accurate as possible. This is done so that the error will be a minimum one computed under optimum conditions. No time study man can be more accurate than the probable error to be computed in this research problem.

In application, the problem is a modification of the simple reaction time experiment familiar to Psychology I students. Substituted for the "ready" signal, the stimuli is a continually moving pointer approaching a critical point. As the point is reached the subject presses the telegraphic key and the reaction time error is noted from the automatic recorder. As another critical point (pre-determined) is passed the actions are repeated. In short, the procedure is to estimate the time and compare this estimate with an accurate standard. Thus, errors in relation to the time phase may be recorded and standardized. Some work has been done on this. Findings have been to the effect that operations of less than three-quarters of a second have a probable error so great that timing is worthless.

Other phases of the problem to be studied are probable errors in right to left movements, up and down movements, and similar variations.

Thus, Psychology is of infinite help to industry. Beyond the problem of time study, Psychology is aiding in selection methods and management policies. Lehigh's department head, Dr. Ford, is dealing with a practical problem, not a fantasy of pure science.

We are Headquarters for . . .

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

American and Weil-McLain Heating Boilers and Radiators

"Genuine Frigidaire" Refrigeration

Display Rooms . . .

926 HAMILTON STREET . . . ALLENTOWN, PENNA.

Our engineers are always at your service, let us help you solve your problem of Modernization. Bring your fraternity up to date.

LEHIGH VALLEY SUPPLY CO.

Allentown — Easton — Stroudsburg — Lansdale

SAFE MILK FOR ATHLETES

for . . .

Milk that's distinctive

Fresh churned Buttermilk

Bethlehem's Best Ice Cream

You can always rely on . . .



MILKSHAKES THAT SATISFY

College Theatre Bldg.

96 E. Broad St.

522 W. Broad St.



And I wish you
many of them...

They Satisfy



